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A-12 *** TUESDAY, October 17, 1950

Available General

As of this time, at least, General Eisenhower's comment on the Dewey statement must be taken to mean that he is available as the Republican presidential nominee in 1952.

In earlier statements, General Eisenhower had all but closed and locked the door on attempts, both by Democrats and Republicans, to draft him as a candidate. This time, however, the door is left wide open, and the famous Eisenhower smile can almost be seen beaming receptively between the lines of his yes-and-no comment on Governor Dewey's announcement that he intends to support the general for the GOP nomination.

In addition to bringing General Eisenhower squarely into the presidential picture and virtually assuring him the powerful support of the New York delegation, Governor Dewey has also clarified his own political status.

He has definitely and finally removed himself as an aspirant for the GOP nomination. This should improve his already bright prospects in the New York gubernatorial race, and it should add to his influence in party circles.

If there is one thing that politicians want, it is to win elections. When Governor Dewey, twice defeated in presidential races, came out of his self-imposed retirement to run again in New York, there were apprehensive murmurs among the faithful. They feared this was the kick-off for another presidential bid, and they viewed it with deep misgiving. But now that Governor Dewey has taken himself out of the picture, and with Senator Taft having all the trouble he wants in Ohio, the Republicans find themselves without a single avowed candidate who has any real chance of winning the 1952 election.

In these circumstances, General Eisenhower can have the nomination without so much as asking for it, and that presents a truly remarkable situation in American politics. There is nothing on the record which firmly identifies him either as a Republican or a Democrat. He has never done a lick of work in the party vineyard. Except for a few speeches which vaguely indicate a disagreement with some of the Fair Deal philosophies, his views on the great economic and political questions of the day are unknown. Nevertheless, nearly two years before the conventions, he stands in the unique position of having the Republican nomination in the palm of his hand. Why? For the simple reason that, if nominated, he has an excellent chance of winning the election, which is more than can be said of any other GOP hopeful.

The East German 'Election'

The fakery of the results of Sunday's "election" in Soviet-occupied East Germany is blatant enough to speak for itself. Practically everybody (upwards of 99 per cent) voted in favor of the Kremlin's puppet Communist regime. And the reason for that, of course, is that dissenters could have expressed their dissent only at the risk of inviting upon themselves grim personal reprisals.

Thus, to begin with, there was only a single slate of hand-picked Communist candidates. Herded to the polls by a big and threatening machine of Red political workers—whose job it was to force a 100 per cent turnout—the voters could do either of two things: (1) Say "ja" by publicly depositing in large urns unmarked ballots bearing the names of the stooge candidates, or (2) make themselves dangerously conspicuous by entering booths to write "nein" on the ballots—an oppositionist gesture which would have been recorded by the secret police and party watchers on the scene and which would have exposed the nay-sayers to severe punishment in due course.

In such circumstances, it need hardly be said that the overwhelming majority of East Germans had no choice other than to do what the Kremlin wanted done—namely, to say "ja." But the phoniness of this "yes"—a brazen mockery of the democratic process—is too obvious to need explanation. What is known for an incontrovertible fact, what cannot be disputed, what is as plain as the screechingly fraudulent character of a three-dollar bill, is that the voters in the Soviet zone—if they had been really free to choose between one party and another, if they had not been implicitly terrorized into supporting the unopposed hand-picked candidates—would have swept all the puppet Communists out of office.

The East Germans had a limited opportunity to indicate their true political feelings back in May of 1949, when the "election" in the Soviet zone was less tightly rigged than it was last Sunday. The bolder spirits had a chance then to register their opposition without being directly exposed to reprisal, and the result was that at least a third of the voters—even though some risk was involved—flabbergasted the Kremlin by turning thumbs down on the Communists. But this time the rigging was so complete, and the dangers of dissent were so great, that the anti-Red underground advised everybody to vote "ja." Nevertheless, prior to Sunday's fraud, hundreds of thousands in the trapped electorate mailed their ration-book stubs to West Berlin in an anonymous but eloquent protest against that fraud.

All this is something that the Russians cannot hide. The sham is so dismally self-evident that they themselves must know that it can fool no informed adult anywhere. Why then have they bothered to stage it in the trappings of democracy? Perhaps they wish merely to mock the world with another cynical travesty of truth and reality. Or possibly what we have here is an example of tyrants who feel impelled to pay

homage to freedom by trying to make believe that they themselves are the friends of the free.

Realism and Mr. Nehru

It is difficult to follow or admire much of the reasoning behind Prime Minister Nehru's statement on India's attitude as regards the recent crossing of the 38th Parallel in Korea and the proposed establishment of special United Nations forces to deal with possible acts of aggression in the future.

Under Mr. Nehru's leadership, India has backed the Security Council's historic June 27 decision to put down the Korean aggressors. Yet he and his government have abstained in the U. N. from going along with the General Assembly's overwhelming vote in favor of crossing the 38th Parallel. His position on that point, though not one of opposition under any circumstances, is that the crossing ought to have been held up pending an effort to work out a peaceful settlement with the enemy. His fear has been that the pursuit of that enemy might lead to a large-scale war.

Apparently, rather than risk such a war, Mr. Nehru would have preferred to keep our American and other U. N. forces south of the 38th Parallel while statesmen tried to work out some sort of deal with the Communist aggressors. But if experience has taught anything at all, it has taught that such deals do not work. They do not work because the Reds do not honor them. The Nehru thesis lacks realism and logic for the simple reason that the enemy in this instance—unless stripped of his military strength and his tyrannical political power—would abide by a "settlement" only long enough to get prepared for another attempt to take over the whole of Korea and drag it behind the Iron Curtain.

Similarly, it is difficult to find realism or logic in Mr. Nehru's views on the proposal to organize special U. N. armed forces to cope with future aggression. Thus, on the one hand, he firmly declares that "aggression cannot be tolerated" and that it must be countered, if necessary, with military means. On the other hand, however, he is against the idea of having fighting units in the United Nations because he feels they would be more likely to lead to a general war than to discourage one. Unless there is some subtlety here that escapes detection at first glance, what this reasoning does is to knock itself out both coming and going. At any rate, it would seem to argue that the world ought not to establish the very military means which Mr. Nehru himself admits may be necessary to counter the kind of aggression which he says "cannot be tolerated."

Mr. Nehru is undeniably one of the great leaders of Asia. But this latest statement of his is far from impressive. By Western standards at least, it is self-contradictory. It is confusing. It is illogical. In the teeth of everything that has happened in recent years, it suggests that the Kremlin-directed Communist conspiracy against the freedom and happiness of the world can be held in check and eventually done away with not so much by military preparedness as by a kind of sweet or timid reasonableness, a Gandhi-like passive resistance and the gentle diplomacy of mediation and conciliation.

If Mr. Nehru really believes this, then he has succumbed to wishfulness, and the free world can only hope that he will soon snap out of it. For the development of independence in Asia, together with the long-range peace-preserving effectiveness of the United Nations, depends in large measure on an India wide-awake to the dangers of these times—an India resolute enough to join with like-minded lands in seeking collective security against a force ready to walk over any country whose diplomacy is not backed up by armed strength.

John J. Raskob

John J. Raskob was a creation as well as a creator of the financial age to which he belonged. He was instrumental in the expansion of the du Pont empire and was responsible for the credit policies which distinguished General Motors in its relations with middle class purchasers of automobiles. His skill as a manipulator of industrial values was acknowledged by friends and foes alike. In the fabulous Twenties he was a worker of prodigious magic. That he was not destroyed in the crashes which followed was proof of the elemental soundness of his procedures. But in politics Mr. Raskob was not so successful. He failed as manager of the campaign of his friend Alfred E. Smith for the presidency in 1928 and, by sponsoring the so-called "smear campaign" of Charles Michelson against the administration of Herbert Hoover, prepared the way for the victory of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932 and the experiments of the New Deal which he deplored. By 1940 he was, in effect, a Republican. "Who's Who in United States Politics," recently published, does not mention him in any connection.

Washington was acquainted with Mr. Raskob when he made his home here while serving as "a dollar a year" adviser to the Government in World War I. One of the stories told about him is that he admired Paul P. Cret's design for the Pan American Union Building so much that he copied it in his Claymont, Delaware, residence. His own explanation of his opposition to prohibition was that his observation of extravagant use of liquor during wartime had convinced him that such laws were unenforceable.

Perhaps Mr. Raskob will be remembered longest for his charities. He was a generous giver to churches, schools, hospitals and other agencies striving for the common good.

The Jets Come Through

General Vandenberg's comment on the role of jet fighters in Korea takes on added interest in view of some of the earlier criticism of their performance.

Back in the days of retreat after retreat, when it seemed that nothing could stop the advance of the Communist armies, there were few people, except perhaps the pilots who flew them, to say a good word for the jets. They were too fast to give effective ground support. They lacked the range that was required. They were not sufficiently maneuverable.

But General Vandenberg says that these complaints have been invalidated by experience. As against the piston-engine fighters, jets will take more punishment, are just as good in range and carrying capacity, and are far superior in speed and climb rate. Whether the jets used in Korea are as effective against ground targets, a job for which they were not designed, may still be open to some question. But General Vandenberg says that if the North Koreans had had jet fighters of their own, our F-51 propeller fighters could not have been used.

That, so far as the future is concerned, is the clinching point. It is always with reluctance that a tried and trusted weapon is put on the shelf. But success in modern warfare will not be on the side of those who stick by outmoded weapons. The propeller plane is on the way out, and the jet has come to stay for a while.

The Comic Book Has Entered Politics

By Mary McGrory

THE "colorless" candidate may become a thing of the past if the present trend towards comic books as political ammunition keeps going.

Time was when Mr. Hopeful used to send around glossy little folders showing a studio portrait of himself with Mrs. Hopeful by his side, the children transfixed in their Sunday best, the family dog grounded at the master's feet. Under this in large type went his lodge memberships, previous offices if any, and his "if-elected" promises.

Now, however, he's in there with Hopalong and Superman as the hero of a brightly-colored picture book. If as a youth he sold papers, he's shown ragged in the rain shouting "Wuxtry!" Later, he appears pounding his fist on the desk of some heavy-set, obviously privileged character, demanding the rights of the people. The balloons coming out of his mouth are filled with resounding phrases. "We are determined," for instance, "to see now, while so much Government money is being spent, that it is spent wisely and not wasted!"

The use of political comic books on a national and State-wide scale began two years ago, although they had been used sporadically before that in several New York and Massachusetts local campaigns. They really came into their own in the 1948 presidential election, when Malcolm W. Ater, the young president of a New York firm called Commercial Comics, Inc., sold the idea of "The Story of Harry S. Truman" to the Democratic National Committee.

"The Story" began with the announcement of President Roosevelt's death, flashed back to Mr. Truman's boyhood on the farm, brought him through his senatorial career and picked out the high points of his administration. It was a smash hit. Three million copies were printed, and on the eve of the election wires came from State committees all over the country, asking for more.

Its success started what the originator thought was a trend, or at least sufficient business to warrant setting up shop in the Capital. Now Mr. Ater, a Navy veteran from Illinois, keeps in touch with people who want to win friends and influence voters at an office at 1507 M street N.W.

Mr. Ater, who also does comic books for industrial firms, has just dispatched to the political battlefronts "The Story of Al Loveland," who hopes to unseat Senator Hickenlooper, Republican of Iowa, and "The Story of Scott Lucas," which will provide ammunition for the Senate majority leader's hard fight with former Representative Dirksen of Illinois.

So far, only Democrats have used comic books. Actually the G. O. P. had first crack at them. A Democrat himself, Mr. Ater approached the Republicans with the idea just before their 1946 national convention. They turned it down on the grounds the comic books were "undignified."

"But," says Mr. Ater, whose customers so far have all been elected, with the single exception of a certain aspirant to the Mayor's job in Buffalo, "sooner or later every candidate will have to use



This is how they tell the story of President Truman's contribution in World War I.

comic books to counter-balance the effects of his opponent's comic books."

In the Filipino presidential election a year ago, Mr. Ater's "The Story of Elpidio Quirino"—a sixteen-page book that caused ructions in the streets of Manila—was generally credited with much of the substantial lead that Quirino finally gained. It was printed in five languages.

Not unexpectedly, the books tell only one side of the story—the candidate's side. They don't go in for controversial subtleties.

For instance, in "The Story of Harry Truman," the President's political career begins in a domestic scene, with the young Truman hanging up his hat and saying to Mrs. Truman, "Bess, the boys at the Legion meeting were talking about having me run for county judge." Jonathan Daniels, in his semi-official biography, "The Man from Independence," tells a somewhat different story, with Boss Pendergast a key figure.

"In the case of Mr. Truman's failure in the haberdashery business," says Mr. Ater, "we couldn't leave it out, because every one knew it. So we showed it, but blamed it on the Republicans for not helping small business."

The regular procedure in political comic book production is for the client to send in the story of his life. Mr. Ater picks out the most dramatic passages and breaks them down into panels, indicating the content of the balloons. The first draft is subject to the client's approval, and he also has a chance to okay both pencil and ink sketches. A 16-page book costs about 2 and a quarter cents apiece, and the average printing is 650,000.

Most conspicuous comic in the current campaign—a non-Ater product—is "The Robert Alphonso Taft Story," a lively and lurid pictorial attack which depicts Mr. Republican as the pawn of a bloated, cigar-chomping reactionary called "J. Phineas Moneybags." It was put out by the United Labor League of Ohio in the interests of State Auditor Joe Ferguson.

Mr. Ater isn't so sure about "opposition" comics of this sort. He thinks, for one thing, they may be libelous. Besides, he thinks the chief value of the comic book to democratic candidates—who do not always enjoy newspaper support—is that they give them a chance to present their own story to the people.

"Mention the other guy as little as possible," is Mr. Ater's motto.

Letters to The Star

A pseudonym is permissible only when letter carries correct name and address of writer. Please be brief.

Boiling Quaker

Isn't it about time the authorities stepped in to protect those poor people living in the Alexandria projects?

Those people were not told when they moved in that there were restrictions against dogs. Nor, as far as I've been able to discover, were there. Out of a blue sky they were told: "Get rid of your pets or get out!" Just because these people are not in a position to own their own homes and cannot find at present other quarters, they have their hearts torn out.

One little polio victim was learning to walk again, just by toddling after his dog. The dog had to be put to sleep. Think of it—and the father of that child is off fighting for us in Korea! Since the dog was killed, the little one hasn't tried to walk again.

It makes my blood boil. Americans should stick together and force this gang of 10 good dictators to rescind that dog restriction at once. It's not American—it's inhuman and brutal.

Quaker Lady.

Garry Davis and America

On September 22 last, I wrote to J. Howard McGrath, Attorney-General of the United States, for reinstatement of my United States citizenship which I renounced in May, 1948.

I gave as my reasons for the renunciation my wish to dramatize the principle of world citizenship and One World. I gave as my reasons for wishing reinstatement of United States citizenship my wish to share as an American citizen in the defense of human rights which I consider the responsibility of every American.

At no time during my work in Europe was my loyalty to my homeland questioned. My homeland is part of the world territory. It is included in my belief. In asking for return of my United States citizenship, I was merely stating my desire to enter the existing framework through which I can help build practically and lastingly the foundation without which citizenship of the world is but an abstract ideal.

Last April I returned home as an immigrant under the French quota. When the Korean incident started I was put

under pressure to take protest action by various organizations interested in world peace and pacifism. Not knowing exactly what course I should follow as a world citizen, I left for Haiti for a period of reflection and to complete my book, "Credo." There I realized that it was not America alone which was involved in the Korean matter but the United Nations itself with whose principles I am in complete accord. And so I saw that my "protest" as such was a mistake. It was with joy that on September 15 I returned home.

It was thus that I felt I could rightfully ask for reinstatement of my former citizenship. For one thing, I did not feel I had the right to enjoy the privileges of being a resident of the United States without assuming the burdens of citizenship. I anticipated that many would regard my request as a denial of my belief in One World and world citizenship. Many would envision me crawling back to the fold, defeated and bitter. Neither is true. My beliefs have never been stronger. I feel neither defeated nor bitter. Quite the contrary.

Those who would welcome me back to the fold with backhanded smiles at how mistaken I was ever to leave apparently think that American citizenship is the reward of the true, the brave and the good. They have overlooked, in my opinion, the grave responsibilities which accrue to every American citizen today. They apparently do not realize that privilege brings with it a crushing burden of responsibility, moral as well as material. Every American has the duty to defend with all the power at his command the basic human rights without which United States citizenship or any citizenship whether local or worldly would be a mere shell covering the rottenness of dictatorship.

To sum up: America is my homeland; I love it. I know it is not perfect. No one would contend it is. But I am no longer an abstract idealist and I wish to start at home in putting into practice my belief in world citizenship. I asked for my United States citizenship with the full knowledge born of my experiences in Europe, of the burdens as well as the rights such a citizenship entails so that all men may one day enjoy the freedoms which are a part of everyday America.

Garry Davis.

This and That . . .

By Charles E. Tracewell

A gray-haired woman was standing with head bowed at the curb in the driving rain.

Most of the hurrying passersby looked, but none said anything.

None, that is, except one, and he turned to a hurrying young woman and remarked, "Doesn't look right, does it?"

The dark-eyed young woman shook her head.

"It doesn't," she said.

She did not go back, however. No one else seemed to pay any attention.

After all, a very old-looking woman has a right to stand bareheaded in the rain if she wants to.

That was what the man thought, as he, too, went on his way.

He kept looking back, now and then, and sure enough, the woman was still there, in the same attitude, her head down, as if looking at her shoes.

The man felt uneasy.

Should he go back?

"Madam," he could hear himself saying, "Sir," he could hear the woman saying, maybe, "of course I am all right."

Indignantly she would turn away, with

the unspoken comment, "Why don't you mind your own business?"

He kept looking back.

The woman was still looking down.

Should he overcome his doubts, and do what his heart told him to do?

After all, she was pretty close to the curb—

His mind got in the way. The city got in his way. Doubts got in his way.

Always doubts crop up, whenever one listens for even a second to the call of the emotions. The heart, let us say.

The city and the mind and their doubts—

Surely these are good things, he thought, even though at times they seem to gang up on the emotions.

Together they act as safety valves, to keep one, at times, from being spoken harshly to, and at other times to save one from real danger.

It is the same when driving a car. There was that case of the honest fellow who, seeing a woman lying by the side of the road, stopped his car and leaped out, only to be assaulted by two men who had been crouching there to rob him.

The pedestrian came up to the girl he had spoken to. She was halted by the lights.

"She is still there," he said, pointing back to the bareheaded old woman.

"I know," said the girl, as if she, too, were in doubt about something or other.

"The Indiana part of me," he said, "says to go back."

He smiled.

"But the Washington, D. C., part of me says to go on," he continued.

The girl looked as if she understood, but she said nothing.

So they parted, conversationalists for a few seconds, as such things go.

He wondered if she did understand, or if he understood himself.

The one side of him said to go back, to speak to the old lady, to find out if she were in any trouble.

The other side said to accept the situation for what it seemed, just an old woman standing bareheaded in the rain, the water pouring down on her unprotected snow white hair.

He wouldn't have worried about it at all, he kept telling himself, if she hadn't been bareheaded.

Somewhat, that did it. It was such a gloomy day.

The Political Mill

GOP Hopefully Clings To Red Issue in West

If Successful, Republicans Can Pick Up 4 Senate Seats

By Gould Lincoln

SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 17.—The "Red issue" is being worked to a fare-you-well by the Republicans in a number of key senatorial elections in the States of the Far West—in California, Washington, Idaho and Utah. If it proves successful, the GOP can pick up four Senate seats in those States now held by Democrats.

The so-called "Red issue" covers a wide range, running from charges of association with Communists and Communist-front organizations, "appeasement" of Soviet Russia since the close of the second World War, and tenderness toward Communist sympathizers in Government agencies, particularly the State Department, to the responsibility of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations for a Red China and the present war in Korea.

The Republicans in making their charges do not overlook, either, President Truman's two-year-old "Red herding" statements and the Alger Hiss case.

Most virulent are the Red charges directed at Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, Democratic nominee for the Senate against Republican Representative Richard M. Nixon, a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Mrs. Douglas denies flatly any regard for Communists, but still they pile it on her. With the present feeling in the country about Communists and communism, she has an uphill fight.

Roosevelt Escapes Burden.

Her running mate on the Democratic ticket, James Roosevelt, candidate for Governor against Gov. Warren, has escaped so far the burden of this Red issue, but is given only an outside chance in his race. Gov. Warren is satisfied with running on his record as an administrator, and seeks both Democratic and Republican support. Further, it would be difficult to plaster a Roosevelt with the Communist label.

Four years ago, the State of Washington had the reputation of being a hotbed of communism. Former Representative Hugh Delacy, Democrat, was a shining example of the fellow traveler. Today, the Republicans are seeking to pin Red labels on a number of the Democratic candidates, particularly on Senator Magnuson, whom they charge with having led a Democratic State convention—years ago—that a "political party cannot fly on one wing." "I'll be called a Communist tomorrow," he is quoted as saying at the time. Tomorrow is here today.

Representative Mitchell, Democrat, also is under attack as having associated with Communists. Senator Magnuson is expected to win re-election, although the Republicans have not given up by a long shot and claim that Walter Williams, a mortgage banker in Seattle, their candidate, is moving to the front. Mr. Mitchell, opposed by an exceedingly popular woman Republican, Mrs. F. F. Powell, is having a tough time.

Senator Thomas of Utah, Democrat, seeking his third term in the Senate, is the latest candidate in these parts to be charged with front organization affiliations and sympathy toward Soviet Russia. Senator Thomas is a member of the Mormon Church, and he says that charging a Mormon with being Communistic makes no more sense than bringing such a charge against a member of the Catholic Church.

Opposed by Ex-NAM Head.

He is opposed by Republican Wallace F. Bennett, president of the National Association of Manufacturers in 1949. Mr. Bennett insists that, while he does not believe that Mr. Thomas is a Communist, the Senator has in the past associated himself with front organizations and has written sympathetically about conditions in Russia under the Soviet regime. Mr. Thomas, who had lost ground with his constituents because of long absence from the State, is making a hard fight to come back. Both sides claim victory—and much is going to depend on how the voters feel about the Red issue with its many ramifications. A defeat for Mr. Thomas, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, committed to repeal of the Taft-Hartley law, would be a blow to organized labor, and it is working hard for his re-election.

In Idaho, Senator Taylor, Henry Wallace's running mate on the Progressive presidential ticket in 1948, might have been a prize Red target for the Republicans, but he was defeated in the primary. That has not prevented, however, the Republicans from laying down an anti-Red banner against Claude J. Burshten, the Democratic nominee against Senator Dworshak, Republican. Burshten is a 34-year-old professor of political science at Ricks College in Rexburg.

In this race the Republicans are charging that a Democratic victory would be a verdict in support of an administration which has been wrong again and again in its dealings with Russia and which has brought about a Red China and the Korean war. The Red issue is scarcely involved at all in the other Idaho senatorial race. Former Senator Worth Clark, a conservative Democrat, nosed out Senator Taylor in the primary election by about 900 votes. He is given little chance to win against Republican Herman Walker.

This Red issue has had Democrats on the defensive. They have received a great lift, however, from victories in Korea. And they believe that President Truman's dramatic dash to Wake Island to talk things over with Gen. MacArthur and his San Francisco address will go far to nullify the Red issue in the elections.

Dry Falls

Ponderous, flat-slabb'd, the aged rocks
Slant slowly downward under the
autumn sun.

Roofed by sky, slim-columned by white
birches,
They floor with moss the wooded
Pantheon.

Year upon year they lie, unmoving amid
com-mo-tion.

Birds flit, wind sways the cat-tails and
green sedge.

Trout lurk below in the shallows, the
crane flaps wings
And glides upward, the rattler slips
under the ledge.

Summer brings bold feet to intimate
crannies,
Scatters lights and colors, then
the images blur.

Insects rustle the grasses, the shadows
flow onward
The rocks are still. They do not
murmur or stir.

MYRTLE ADAMS.